Dear Satan

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11251947.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Will is 6, hannibal is satan
Language:	English
Series:	Part 46 of HanniGram One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-20 Completed: 2020-11-18 Words: 1,153 Chapters: 2/2

Dear Satan

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will is a young child (about 6) with few friends and tries to write a letter to Santa but accidentally sends it to Satan (Hannibal). Fluffy fluff.

Chapter 1

Dear Satan,

All I want for Christmas is a friend. A good friend. My friends are mean and push me. And maybe a puppy.

Will G.

Will put the slip of paper in an envelope and wrote To Satan on it. He slipped it in the mail slot and jogged back to his dad whom picked up his paper bag full of bottles and walked Will home. Will sat outside petting the local stray dog -Will called him spike- and sharing his sandwich.

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Hell, The Next Morning (Christmas Eve),

Hannibal, who had taken as the devil aka Satan, sat in his office with his small pile of mail.

People trying to sell their soul. Boring.

Bills. Boring.

Crazed fan mail. Maybe.

"To Satan" wrote in a small child's handwriting. Definitely.

Hannibal always got letters from children trying to send letters to Santa, he usually took it upon himself to get them their Christmas presents. He wasn't always evil. One particular letter stood out he didn't want toys he wanted a friend and that warmed Hannibal's icy heart. He would be the small boy's friend.

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Earth, Christmas Morning,

Will flew out of bed and down the stairs excited to see what Santa brought him. Under the tree sat boxes of many shapes and colors. Will jumped when one box wiggled. He ran to his dad's room, "Dad! Santa came, let's open presents!"

"Go ahead buddy I'll be down in a minute," his dad mumbled. Will ran back into the living room and a man sat on the floor in a dark red suit, "Hello Will."

"Hello," Will smiled, "What's your name?"

"Hannibal," the man smiled, "I have been sent to be your friend."

Will squeaked happily, "Me!?"

"Yes," Hannibal laughed. The box wiggled again and yipped. Will ran over to it and open the lid slowly, a rambunctious puppy bounded from the box and ran around his leg. Will hugged the furry bundle to his chest, "Best. Christmas. Ever!"

Dear Satan, The Sequel

30 years later,

Hannibal was completely head of heels for Will, much to his own surprise. Will had grown into a striking young man in, what seemed to be, the blink of an eye.

Will had many of his first's with the devil he knew as his best friend; First crush (which was- and still is- Hannibal), First date, First heartbreak, First day of college, First party, proceeded rather quickly by first hangover, and Will's favorite, first apartment without roommates. But, His crush on Hannibal was out of control. The problem? Will had only dated women, and he was terrified Hannibal didn't reciprocate his feelings.

Though they might as well be married. They always were cuddling and cooking for each other- Hannibal's meals were much more elaborate.

Will smiled as he opened his apartment to see Hannibal already sprawled out across his couch drooling like a dog. Will quietly closed the door and set his bag on the floor. The brunet slipped into the rest of the space on the couch and rested his head on the devil's chest. He could use a nap. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and sighed. Will laughed as bright red eyes opened slowly blinking a few times to clear away the blurriness.

"Hello Will," a thickly accented voice greeted. Will smiled, "Hello sleepyhead."

Hannibal sighed and pulled Will closer to him. Will used his thump to wipe the drool off the corner of the blonde's mouth, "Long day in hell?"

"Short day on Earth actually. I haven't been to hell in almost three days," Hannibal said. As if that set it off one of Hannibal's "advisers" showed up, "Sir, we have a situation in Hell that requires your attention."

"What is it, Fredrick?" Hannibal sighed. The man rocked from the balls of his feet to his toes and back, "Well... You see... RaphaelIsWaitingInYourOffice."

"Who's Raphael?" Will whispered. Hannibal sighed, "My annoying younger brother."

The devil left the 'who tried to smite me part out'. Will patted his chest, "Come on boss man, let's go deal with Hell."

Hannibal sighed and snapped them to hell. Raphael was sitting cross-legged in Hannibal's office chair. Hannibal straightened out his suit, "William why don't you go play with the hounds, I know they miss you."

"Okay," Will smiled. Hannibal glared at his brother, "What do you want?"

"Nice arm candy, too bad he's human," Raphael smiled as he tossed a blade on the table. Hannibal pulled a similar blade out of his coat, "Stay away from my... My... Will."

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Will smiled as the hounds caught his scent and plowed toward him. Will laughed as the runt, he called Winston, flopped across his lap. Even though he was the runt his head was at Will's shoulder height. The others licked at his face. Will whistled and they all sat patiently. He gave each attention then nudged Winston off his lap. Will stood, grabbed a bone, and threw it, "Fetch!"

They all took off and almost plowed Spawn as he raced back to Will with the bone. Will laughed as the alpha hound flopped at his feet with the bone.

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Hannibal huffed as he stood over his dead brother, "Never ever talk bad about my love again."

Will entered the room hounds in tow, "Hannibal how was-"

"Hello Will," Hannibal smiled showing off the gash on his lip and blood on his face. Will gasped, "What happened!?"

"We had a slight scuffle. No big deal," Hannibal cringed when Will prodded the cut on his chest. The hounds, of course, we're much more interesting in devouring the body on the floor. Hannibal put an arm around Will's shoulders, "Well at least they do what they're supposed to do."

Will sighed. He half dragged Hannibal to his huge bedroom and plopped him on the chair in the bathroom. Hannibal frowned when Will pulled out a first aid kit, "What are you doing?"

"Fixing you. Now sit still," Will frowned. Hannibal groaned as Will pulled off the tattered pieces of his suit. Winston bound into the room with blood stuck in his whiskers and curled up under Hannibal's hand. Will smiled as he sutured Hannibal's bicep.

"Ow! Shit! That hurts," The devil tried to wiggle away from the needle. Will grabbed him tightly, "Sit still."

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After Will finally got Hannibal stitched up and into pajamas he laid next to him. Hannibal pulled him to his chest, "Will, I love you."

"Love you too, Hannibal," Will giggled quietly. Hannibal flailed his free hand, "I mean I really, really love you. Like I want to date you!"

Will leaned over Hannibal and captured his lips in a gentle kiss. Hannibal leaned up to deepen the kiss. Will pulled back and rubbed his face on Hannibal's chest and happily whispered, "We just kissed."

"That we did," the devil looked star-struck. Will laughed, "I think it's time we pick up where we left off earlier."

"Oh, what was that?"

"Nap time."

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